

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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Cure for Chicken Cholera.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says: "I have cured all cases of chicken cholera that have occurred in my flock in the following manner: The sick bird was removed to a coop in a shady, retired place in the garden, a piece of common 'blue pill' as large as a pea was put down its throat, and it was left without food, and only fresh water in abundance for a week. At that time the fowl recovered. Four years ago I lost 30 fowls from contagion, and perhaps crowding helped it; but the disease was on the farms all around me, and hundreds of dead fowls were lying about. After that I had more or less of it for two years, until I thoroughly cleaned out the house, removed the soil a foot in depth and used lime-wash with a fountain-pump all over; but during the two years I cured every sick fowl by this treatment. A week was sufficient to restore the excrement to its usual healthy color. But the bird should be removed as soon as it becomes pale around the head, and the yellowish green dung is observed. I believe over-feeding with corn will produce this disease, which is bilious-enteric fever, and nothing else."

An Irishman was employed lately doing some work on one of the railway bridges on one of the Northern lines. He had occasion to climb up one of the iron pillars that supported the bridge to do some work and just as the engineer who was superintending the job happened to be walking underneath, down came Paddy flop on his shoulder, sending him sprawling. As soon as the engineer regained his feet he ejaculated, "Hello, Pat, where did you come from?" "From the north of Ireland, sur," replied Pat.

A new idiotic craze is thus described by a society paper: "Can you draw a cat?" is the latest social question, and you are immediately handed pencil and paper and requested to give your best idea of a cat without model or semblance. One lady I know has what she calls "a cat basket," wherein she keeps all the attempts of her friends to draw a feline. It is astonishing how few people really know how a cat looks. Ask your friends to draw a cat and see the things they make.—[Boston Globe.]

Gen. U. S. Grant recently wrote to Hon. Frank L. Wolford, our Congressman, saying among other things that he (Grant) had always cherished a high regard for Wolford, &c., and expressing the hope that when the latter goes to Congress he will work and vote for the protection of American industries. Col. Wolford's reply was characteristic. It was to the effect that both his conscience and the sentiment of his constituents would prevent such a course on his part.—[Columbia (Ky.) Spectator.]

BACK TO THE OLD LOVE.—In November, '76, Felix Hauschild and Miss Mary Sergeant were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. Within two years the lady applied for and received a divorce. In a year she married another man, and was again divorced; and yet again she was married and divorced again. Now, to end up with this evening the first happy bridegroom applied for a license to marry her again. Four times married.—[Frankfort Com.]

HOW TO LOOSEN A TIGHT SCREW.—The London *Builder* says: "One of the most simple and readiest methods for loosening a rusted screw is to apply heat to the head of the screw. A small bar or rod of iron, flat at the end, if reddened in the fire and applied for a couple or three minutes to the head of the rusted screw, will, as soon as it heats the screw, render its withdrawal as easy by the screw-driver as if it was only a recently inserted screw."

The question as to whether a husband has a right to exact that his better half shall build the fire is to be settled in Indiana. A minister's wife has raised the issue in a suit for divorce. The jury in the case have a solemn duty to perform. This is a time when married men should stand together.

The Cincinnati Dramatic Festival.

The arrangements for the dramatic festival in Cincinnati, which will begin April 30, have been considerably advanced. The complete programme is now announced. The first play is "Julius Caesar," with James E. Murdoch as *Romeo*, John McCullough as *Brutus*, Lawrence Barrett as *Cassius*, Louis James as *Cesar*, Kate Forsyth as *Portia*, and Marie Wainwright as *Calpurnia*. This will be repeated on Wednesday afternoon. On Tuesday night, "Romeo and Juliet" will be given, with Barrett as *Romeo*, Mary Anderson as *Juliet*, and McCullough as *Mercutio*. On Wednesday evening the play is "Much Ado About Nothing," with Mile. Rhea as *Beatrice*, Barrett as *Benedict*, and John A. Eisler and Charles Plunkett in the cast. "Othello" comes on Thursday night, McCullough playing the Moor, Barrett Iago, Miss Anderson as *Desdemona*, and Clara Morris as *Emilia*. This will be repeated on Saturday night. "Hamlet" will be played on Friday night, Murdoch taking the title role, McCullough the Ghost, Eisler as *Polonius*, Barrett as *Horatio*, and Nat Goodwin as *First Grave-digger*. Shakespeare will be departed from for the Saturday matinee, when "The Hunchback" will be played with McCullough as *Master Walter*, Barrett as *Clifford*, Goodwin as *Modus* and Miss Anderson as *Julia*.

The State of Missouri has just adopted high license for liquor, with a provision for local option requiring a two-thirds vote in each block, town or township for the establishment of a saloon. The tax is also a heavy one, a portion going to the State and a portion to the county. The law also includes stringent regulations regarding the hours of closing, and a heavy penalty for selling to minors or intoxicated persons. This system of heavy tax and stringent regulation is rapidly supplanting prohibition where the latter was in vogue and is being adopted in many States where heretofore there has been perfect freedom of trade in liquor. Within the next ten years it will probably be in force in most of the States of the Union.

The Staked Plains are fast losing their reputation for being a barren desert. Says a Crosby county paper: "We learn from a gentleman just from that section that the colony of Quakers who are settled on the Staked Plains, in Crosby county, have the finest crops this year ever seen in Northern Texas. They have sent word to the stockmen in that country that they will sell corn at ten cents a bushel less than it can be bought on the railroad, and they will be prepared to furnish any reasonable amount.

An Austin youth has been paying his addresses to a young lady, under the impression that she was wealthy. Finally she told him promptly that the bank had failed, and that she was penniless, after which his attentions slackened up. A few days ago she said to him: "Dear George, it seems to me that since you found out I am only a poor girl you have ceased to love me." "You don't say so!" rejoined the candid youth; "do you know that the very same idea has occurred to me?"—[Texas Siftings.]

MULCHING FRUIT TREES.—A writer in "Gardening Illustrated" gives directions for mulching fruit trees, which he has found the most successful. He removes the soil down to the roots, mulches with manure, and then replaces the soil so as to cover the manure. This prevents any of it from blowing about, and it will not become so dry as when fully exposed. About two inches of soil over the two inches of manure will answer well.

A Paris merchant, who has been several times robbed by unfaithful cashiers, has invented an infallible test of competency. The cashier presents himself, offers his services, shows his references. Then the merchant says: "Show me how you would erase a mistake in your figures." The aspiring cashier sets to work with scrap, ink eraser, and what not, and if he succeeds in destroying all traces of the erasure, he is invited to take his hat and his leave.

The theatre, in the face of the pious ban, is growing more and more into prominence as the popular recreation, as an educator of the people and as a moral power. On the other hand, the moral influence of those who condemn the theatre is comparatively growing less. This is a social problem which needs a new method of treatment.—[Cincinnati Com.]

A colored man while digging a posthole in old road near the residence of W. A. B. Bannon recently found a gold watch at the depth of eighteen inches below the surface. The works and case were in good repair, but owing to the fact that it had not been wound for some years was not running. —[Eminence Constitutionalist.]

Highly sugar coated: A New York divorce lawyer's advertisement reads: "Hymenial incompatibilities as a specialty, carefully adjusted. The slavery to obtain the hand after the heart hath fled."

A Judge Fining Himself.

Forty years ago Eatonton was a fast town. Gambling of all kinds, cock fighting and horse racing was the rule, as it is the exception now. Why, sir, at one term of the court—1845 or 1846—the grand jury returned one true bill against forty persons, John W. Ashurst, solicitor general, and a number of prominent lawyers included, in one batch for gambling. It was in this case that it is said Judge Cone made himself famous. When the case was reached all of the defendants arose and pleaded guilty. Judge Cone fined each one of them \$10 and costs, and lectured them severely upon the uselessness and immorality of such habits as the viciousness of the example which they were setting for the youth of the country; then commanding the defendants to take their seats, with a solemn face but a merry twinkle in his eye, he turned to the clerk and said: "Now, Mr. Clerk, enter after these cases, 'State of Georgia vs. Judge Cone; gaming—special information by His Honor; plea of guilty,' and fine him \$100 and costs. Call the next case, sir."—[Eatonton (Ga.) Messenger.]

PRUNING.—In early spring pruning of young apple and pear trees, the form may be much improved by modifying the work according to the natural growth of the tree. If, for instance, the growth is naturally quite erect or upright, the branches will be too compact or crowded if this natural tendency is not relieved; and with such apple trees as the Northern Spy and Early Strawberry, and the Bartlett and the Buffum pear, when the heads are thinned, leave such shoots as point outward, and cut away those which are erect and crossing; but in pruning those which become too spreading or drooping, like the Rhode Island Greening, cut away the downward branches and leave the most erect.

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CURING HAMS AND BEEF.—To four gallons of water add six or eight pounds of fine salt (according to the length of time that meat is to be kept,) and three ounces of saltpetre, with molasses or sugar to give flavor to the brine. This pickle should be scalded, but not boiled, and stirred till the salt is dissolved, skimming off all that rises. Apply hot; then the brine will strike to the bone.

An Austin Justice of the Peace was called on to marry a couple. He asked the usual question, if they desired to be united in the bonds of matrimony, and the bridegroom retorted: "Of course, old hoss! If we didn't, what the hoss do you suppose we came here for?" Texas folks don't like to waste time on useless questions, even for the sake of form.

A lady of experience observes that a good way to pick out a husband is to see how patiently the man waits for dinner when it is behind time. If he doesn't do any thing more violent than to kiss the furniture and blaspheme he is a mighty patient and good-natured man.

Col. Ingersoll's father once offered a prayer that occupied an hour and seventeen minutes in its delivery, and the Rochester Post-Express inferred that he must have been praying for his son. This is one of the cases where prayer remained unanswered.

The sixty damsels who were compelled to fly from fire in the Milwaukee Female College, in their night dresses, did not mind it much. Most of them were wealthy, and had their garments beautifully edged with real lace.

A Tickled Hoosier.

An Indiana farmer walked into the house the other day with a tickled look on his face and his hat on his ear and called out:

"By gum! Hanner, what do you think?"

"What's happened now?"

"You know that fellow that sold me the churn and had me sign a paper?"

"Yes."

"Well, that paper was a note for fifty dollars."

"No!"

"True as preaching. And what else do you suppose?"

"He sold it?"

"Right you are. Went and sold it to a bank and I've got to pay it. Think of it, Hanner—my note good 'nuff to be sold to a bank four stories high and with plate glass windows, and they send me just the same kind of a notice to pay as they would a rich man. I must let old Sims hear of it in some way. The Sims family look upon us as scabs, and here we are treated the same as if we rode in a keg-boat behind four horses.—[Wall Street News.]

The Texas Live Stock Journal says that "with yearlings at \$12 each, cows at \$40 per head pay better than gold mines. You cannot buy any property that will grow you out of debt as fast as a lot of good cows. It makes no difference what a man pays for cows or young cattle, they will out-grow any overprice in a few years. The biggest fortunes made in the cattle business, have been made by men who stuck to their she cattle and only sold steers when these were ready for beef."

AN ENIGMA.—Can any of our little readers send us the solution of the following?

1 is in trip, but not in travel;
2 is not in dirt, but in gravel;
3 is in darkness, but not in light;
4 is not in power, but in might;
5 is in fashion, but not in style;
6 is in furling, but not in mire;
7 is in fort, but not in fort;
8 is in hunter, but not in sport;
9 is in riches, but not in wealth;
10 always in pain, never in health.

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

The identity of "The Iron Mask" or "The Man with the Iron Mask," has never been satisfactorily established. About the year 1679 he was carried with the utmost secrecy to the Castle of Pignerol, and wore during the journey a black mask, which was not of iron, but of black velvet, strengthened with whalebone, and secured behind with steel springs, by means of a lock, as some say. The orders were that if he revealed himself he was to be killed. He was conveyed in 1686 to the Isle of Sainte Marguerite, and during the passage the strictest watch was kept that he might not allow himself to be discovered. The unknown prisoner was in 1698 conveyed to the Bastile, and was, as before, hidden behind the mask. In that prison the captive remained until his death, in 1730. On Nov. 20, the day after his death, he was buried in the cemetery of St. Paul, under the name of Machioli. The unknown was treated with the greatest respect, but so closely was he watched that he was not permitted to take off his mask even in the presence of the physician who attended him. Many conjectures have been hazarded as to who "The Man with the Iron Mask" could have been, the one generally accepted at the present day by those who have carefully investigated the subject being the following: It is conjectured that he was a Count Mathioli, a Minister of Charles III., Duke of Mantua. This Minister had been largely bribed by Louis XIV., and had pledged himself to urge the Duke to give up to the French the fortress of Casale, which gave access to the whole of Lombardy. Louis found that Mathioli was playing him false, and turned him to the French frontier, and then had him secretly arrested and imprisoned. As he was Minister Plenipotentiary at the time, his seizure was a flagrant violation of international law, which it was safer to be able to deny than to justify, and when the denials were made once, the "honor" of France was involved in upholding it.

This is not the case by any means. It is true that a rope falling from the center of the top would strike the wall at the bottom of the tower side, but the rope would not fall outside the tower wall. In a short time I satisfied myself and two other visitors of this fact. The apparent contradiction of the laws of nature disappears, then, in a moment.

Taking the building as a whole—letting a line fall from the center of the top—if this line fell outside of the base in that case the building would violate the law of gravity if it remained standing. I believe the architect planned this optical delusion.

There are no signs of any giving way in the structure. No crack or crevice gives evidence of rapid or slow settling of the walls.

The architect knew very well how easily the eye can be deceived. The firmness of the masonry, the gradual ascent, the symmetry of the whole, prove beyond a doubt that it was built as it now stands. The walls below are very thick, and unless these should give way there is but one other method by which the building could be overthrown.

If the stones were to slip from their places, then, little by little, it would be dislodged. But the whole structure is keyed and bolted and cemented into a solid mass. If it leaned nine feet more than it does, then it would fall, because the sum of its weight would fall outside the center of gravity. The mystery disappears at once when we examine it, but the curious effect upon one's nerves in making the ascent and standing on the top is nevertheless real.

OWING to the great increase of manufacturers and the abandonment of political agitation, Poland is now called "the Belgium of Russia."

PILE! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Deming's New Discovery for

Piles is a radical change from the old remedies heretofore used.

The Discovery is the result of

years of patient scientific study and investigation.

It is the character of this painful disease.

To convince you of its great merit, call on Penny & McAlister, Stanford, or W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon,

or Alexander Plummer, Bloomfield, Ind., who

recommends Dr. Brown's Expectorant for

any case of piles.

Dr. Brown's Expectorant for

piles is a powerful expectorant.

It is a powerful expectorant.

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STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, -- March 23, 1883

W. P. WALTON, -- EDITOR

Owing to the fact that a great many of our subscribers get their papers, the night they are printed, and the further fact that the town delivery, to be fair, should embrace the whole town, we have decided after this issue to put the papers in the post-office and stop the delivery by hand. Next Tuesday if you do not get your paper at the I. J. office you will find it at the P. O.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

Judge Everitt J. Conger, Associate Justice of the Territory of Montana, has been suspended for drunkenness and gambling.

The President has appointed Geo. B. Sage United States Judge for the Southern District of Ohio, vice Wm. White, deceased.

Houses at Lexington, Ky., have been numbered for postal delivery. There are 3,000 numbers in all. Street letter boxes were also put up.

The depositors in the Freedmen's Bank are soon to be paid a dividend of 7 per cent. When this is paid the total of dividends will amount to twenty-two per cent.

BRIEF MENTION. — Col. T. M. Green, of the Mayville Eagle, and his cousin, Miss Pattie Craig, of Danville, are to marry next month. Gov. Sprague has also the democratic nomination for Governor of Rhode Island. The prohibition convention at Louisville has been postponed till April 19. The Governor of Tennessee has signed the bill repudiating the State debt 50 per cent, and paying 3 per cent on the balance. The rep. have nominated Sieder and the dems. Stephens for Mayor of Cincinnati. Mt. Etna is again in eruption. Queen Victoria fell on the steps of the Windsor Palace on Wednesday and severely injured her knee.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Barnes' First Impressions. Graphically Described.

"PRAISE THE LORD."

[The several other letters from Mr. Barnes, written while at sea, will appear in due time. We publish these first so that his friends will know how to direct their letters to him.—Ed.]

St. GEORGE'S CHANNEL, S. S. PAVONIA, March 3, 1883.

We sighted first land about 5 o'clock this morning—Kinsale Head and its light. We were all up early enjoying the delightful morning air and the sight of the bold headlands before reaching Queenstown. Green fields or plowed land upon them all, like Kentucky in April. Instead of barren bluffs, as one might expect from the precipitous character of the coast, with "breakers" foaming at the base all along, the country is like a garden, with careful cultivation and neat hedge rows marking every thing off like a map. One lovely hill looked like a huge tortoise or terrapin, the hedge running all over it in an irregular way, suggestive of the divisions of that creature's shell. The coast before you get up to Queenstown is a succession of eight or ten headlands with shallow bays between them, all rugged and dangerous with surf beating fiercely and no mercy for any thing cast upon it. A pretty church crowns one, cottages on others, until the last one forms the southern gate post to Cork Harbor, one of the finest natural harbors in the world. An entrance like the "Narrows" in N. York Harbor, and then space enough to float the navies of earth at once, Queenstown lies just inside. Cork at the upper end of it—I do not know how many miles further, perhaps 8 or 10 miles. Fortifications of the finest, of course. It is too valuable to leave at loose ends. England doesn't do that sort of thing, any how. We did not go in. A tender, flying the stars and stripes, the Jackall by name, steamed out to meet us and get the mail for the British Isles, as well as our own to go back to the States by the first steamer. The swell was pretty heavy and the two disproportioned vessels bumped terribly at times, ever carefully protected by a multiplicity of fenders. There were 412 bushels bags of mail to transfer. Fancy 828 bushels of letters and papers. The bags were blue and white striped, something like bed ticking, sealed and labeled. At last all was aboard the Jackall, and the little craft cast loose and skipped out, glad to escape more bumping from our huge hull. During this ceremony one ship was flying the British Lion, with world afloat in his playful paws, cocked tail, on one leg, not half trying, smiling with every tooth in his head) at the main mast-head; the stars and stripes at the fore-mast; the cross of St. George at the flag-staff; the stern—all pulled down as soon as the transaction was over. This flag business is a ship's lingo, and says "how d'ye do?" "pretty well I thank you," and "good-bye."

We were soon off, skirting the Irish coast for 30 miles further before losing sight of it. We noticed an elegant estate, the first thing after leaving Queenstown, with palatial mansion, superb forests in the rear and grand stretches of arable land right and left, all under beautiful cultivation. Then another succession of headlands sur-beaten; grand rocky islands with light houses on them at intervals, and light ships anchored in the channel, where there was shoal water. This is St. George's Channel. We are in it now and will be until we reach Holyhead and turn up the mouth of the Mersey to Liverpool. Above that is the Irish Sea. I found my geography very rusty when I reached these foreign parts. If any of my readers, without looking at their maps, will lay down this paper and ask themselves: do I know where the English Channel is? the situation of Dublin, London, Bristol, Isle of Man, Isle of Wight, &c., &c., they will soon find themselves in such a pitiful state of ignorance as to fully justify this little attempt to brush up my and their knowledge of the earth's surface. As I go I propose making it plain, at least,

where I go. How the gulls flock off the Irish Coast, as if the famine had reached them also, turning them into the most impudent of beggars. They scream and whine at turns, like young puppies, and they follow the steamer in a great flock, many hundreds together. The sky astern is almost "dark with pinions." These shore gulls are heavier and darker than the out to sea birds. On a bit of "garbage" they pounce in a bunch, and the luckiest gets it. The rest don't fight him, but shoo fair play, and exact it in turn. If there is more than one, the contest grows quite furious, until the morsel is torn into bits. The lucky ones rest to digest their breakfast, the empty fly on with tireless wing till they get something.

The channel is lively all day with sails of various kinds bowing out before a fair wind, while we go up against it. The dear LORD gives a perfect day for the last one of this propitious voyage. In the morning cloudy, with patches of blue sky, through which we got the most glorious effects of light and shade on sea and land imaginable. After this a cloudless sky and a clear channel as smooth as a river and a clear sunset behind the cliffs of Green Erin. The water is changed from the deep blue of the fathomless ocean to an exquisite green of shoal depth. Praise the Lord, this Saturday night as we lie down, expecting by His goodness to be in the Mersey by sunrise, and off the steamer by 8 or 9. From first to last His goodness has been crowning us with "loving kindness and tender mercies." Wiggins' great cyclone is not for us, nor for any one, I trust. He whom we love and serve holdeth the "waters in the hand," the "wind in his fist." Praise Him forever and ever.

LIVERPOOL, Mar. 5, '83—Monday morning. —We steamed up the Mersey a little way yesterday morning, and dropped anchor to wait for high tide before going further. The steamer gave us an early breakfast, at 7 o'clock, and by 9 we were ready to go in the tender steamer, that in half an hour transferred us and our baggage to the "Landing Stage," which is a floating arrangement, 500 yards long and about 30 yards wide, with Custom House apartment and waiting rooms on it, the biggest thing of the kind in the world; perhaps this lies on the Mersey, instead of the heart of Liverpool and opposite Birkenhead.

As we came up through the sharp, foggy morning air of this first Sunday morning in Old England, we wondered at the miles of docks, where ships of all the world are moored, discharging or taking in cargo. Fancy miles of stonewall on a river's bank, 20 feet high, the huge blocks smooth and laid like a house wall, with appropriate openings all along to let the ships in. Once within this outer wall, the vessels are distributed by a network of water ways and warping with cables to their resting places, where they have the same depth of water as at high tide outside, without ebb at all. How strangely different everything seemed from home! We were hung up on the ship by the brother of our beloved Geo. W. Greenwood, of Brooklyn. He had written him before to wear a bit of blue ribbon on his coat, while I was to have a strip of red ditto, to prevent all misgives. He came down in the tender with his good wife, and from that time took all landing care off our shoulders; saw us through the Custom House inspection; begged us off here; vouches for us there; advised us in this and that; and all preliminaries settled, whisked our party off in two cars to the Camden Hotel, where I am penning this hasty postscript. Those who have been aboard know how unutterably welcome such attentions are, when, strangers in a strange land, we are oppressed with that sense of loneliness that comes over one away from home. But we are in a bustle this morning and I can't write more to-day. Will resume the regular thread of narrative in my next. All quite well. Ever in Jesus, G. O. BARNES.

192 SHACKLEWELL LANE,
DALSTON, E. C. LONDON, March 3, 1883.

Dear Father: — Liverpool is a solid town of half a million or so. It has like all cities elegant suburbs, but the bulk of what is remarkable in the place is centered in an area of half a mile radius, starting from its business Exchange. This is a grand piece of massive architecture, with colossal marble statues in a row, in front, Galileo, Columbus, Drake and others, with circular paved Court and fine symbolic monument to Lord Nelson in it. Coal smoke dinges every thing sadly, but the superb proportions and outlines are there, which no coal dust can conceal. The Post Office, with grand dome and fine, the Art Gallery, North Western Hotel and other public buildings. But it would wear all hands to describe them. The noblest of all is St. George's Hall, which is what we should call a Court House, and which in many respects is the most magnificent bit of Corinthian architecture I ever saw. The equestrian statues of the gentle queen of these realms, and the Prince Consort of Blessed Memory are remarkably full of grace and spirit. An immense column to the "Iron Duke" adorns the same open space on which St. George's Hall fronts—second only to the famous monument to Lord Nelson in Trafalgar Square, this city.

Our good friend Greenwood found us a comfortable hotel—the Camden—at a moderate price—eight shillings (or \$2) per day. Had we gone to the North-western we should have paid a pound (about \$5) for our "daily bread." Arriving on Sunday, we gladly availed ourselves of its sweet rest, and enjoyed it as only travelers on the "tempest tossed" deep can. To rest on a bed that did not move and roll beneath you; to walk upright without tumbling over; to look at things that moved not; this was a present joy. We all enjoyed it. At 3 p. m., longing for a visit to the "courts of the LORD'S house," Bro. G. and I salled out, and the first piece of worship being the Cathedral, we stepped into that. Here was conservatism with a vengeance. An interior like an old-fashioned church at Danville in my college days, or the old establishment in Woodford, where my Bro. Douglas presides, before it was modernized and made one of the prettiest of

country chapels, or the old stone pile at Walnut Hill, Fayette county, before it was altered: this Cathedral is like what they were, only homelier. The roughest old slips for pews, without doors, dingy and unclean looking. The outside rows of pews uncarpeted, which yet was an improvement on those in the centre that were; the place lighted by rows of pipe, like large lightning rods, with five

lock me up, whether I like it or not. Well! I have my say, there is a little in that. We made it in 5 hours and 35 minutes from Liverpool to London. I must not omit to mention the foot warmers. At the station comes a flat truck with a pile of cotton, looking boxes, 2 feet long, 6 inches thick, 10 wooden sides, oval topped, wooden three sides, copper sheeted on top, which strange receptacles, are thrust in among passengers feet, just before the guard locks the door. Thus, while it adds to comfort, crowns our disgraceful position with superlative degradation. Foot warmers! Like an old soldier going to meet in winter with his bricks tucked under his toes. Why not furnish us with a pair of coarse stockings each? This being tucked comfortably in before being locked up, exceeds! Out up on foot warmers! Wife and the girls didn't seem possessed of the proper spirit and actual use of the things and said they were very nice. I kicked the end of mine under the seat and refused to receive its mortifying warmth. Happily it was a delightful day and my indignant protest cost me nothing. Had it been cold as Greenland, I dare say, I should have bottled my wrath, corked it, and put my feet on my foot stove with degrading subjection. Cotton, the stubborn pride of our wives, with shame! For wives, forego! I am happy to say we had a most joyous ride to London. There is little difference between first class and third, but the fare. The aristocrat pays double for his ride, only rides on leather cushions with a queer little headrest at the side, instead of our third-class rep. The fare to London is 16 shillings and 9 pence (\$4.20) the distance 200 miles, about. That is cheap enough. Pullman palace and sleeping cars are the only American innovations allowed upon the time-honored carriage of the "Fathers." The freight cars are higher off the ground than ours, and with the spokes wheel instead of our solid disc, reminds me of a man with long legs, short body and head "buried between his shoulders. They may be much better than ours, I only note what struck me, and the way it did. Thirty miles out, running at high speed we drove into smoky Manchester, and even our Pittsburgh must stand aside for smoke. It beat all. We dimly descried the roofs of a few houses we passed over, and then a wall. Five miles from us all was blotted out. We only stopped a few minutes, running in on a V and then sped on again, a locomotive hitching onto our train at its other extremity, and those who rode forward changed to backwards for the rest of the journey. English railways maintain a higher rate of speed than ours with very few exceptions. Tracks perfect, double, well ballasted and perfectly enclosed! Every thing like a yard, well kept, on either side. Engines look odd to us and not so elaborately bound in brass nor ornamented as ours. Painted green on the Midland, with great driving wheels, and prodigious speed. Engineers or "stokers" have no smug little house, as ours, only a sort of fender and hood above with oval glass eyes set in the fender. No protection from side currents of wind or rain. I only describe the one on one train.

At Derby we get a delicious glass of milk for two-pence (upence) and another at Nottingham. No water on the train and none served at stations. No water closets as on our train. I could hardly imagine such a state of discomfort on such a magnificent equipped road.

But our ride was ecstatic. The dear LORD gave us a lovely day and we enjoyed the lovely landscape—no where on earth so lovely as in dear Old England. The dear hedge rows of Old England! John Alder's Priscilla sighed for and we might. The grass was the Emerald green of early spring. Everything growing in joy. Crocus and daffodil pushing out of the ground. Early ploughing done, wheat nicely up, sowing beginning, the whole country clean as if swept by a broom. There is nothing on earth comparable to an English farming landscape. Imagine the loveliest point of old Bourton, with clipped hedge rows replacing unsightly fences or stone walls, and you have the nearest approach to it. How finely we all enjoyed that ride last Monday. He had written him before to wear a bit of blue ribbon on his coat, to prevent all misgives. He came down in the tender with his good wife, and from that time took all landing care off our shoulders; saw us through the Custom House inspection; begged us off here; vouches for us there; advised us in this and that; and all preliminaries settled, whisked our party off in two cars to the Camden Hotel, where I am penning this hasty postscript. Those who have been aboard know how unutterably welcome such attentions are, when, strangers in a strange land, we are oppressed with that sense of loneliness that comes over one away from home. But we are in a bustle this morning and I can't write more to-day. Will resume the regular thread of narrative in my next. All quite well. Ever in Jesus, G. O. BARNES.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, - - March 23, 1883

I. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Northbound Passenger passes Stanford at 9:50 A. M.
Southbound " " " 2:00 P. M.

LOCAL NOTICES.

BUY PAINTS of Penny & McAlister.
FISHING Tackle at McRoberts & Stagg's.
LANDRETH's Garden Seed at McRoberts & Stagg's.

NEW stock of Jewelry and Silverware at Penny & McAlister's.
LANDRETH's Garden Seeds, in bulk and in papers, at Penny & McAlister's.

WATCHES, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

FULL stock of Fishing Tackle of all kinds can now be found at Penny & McAlister's.

VACCINE POINTS—Double Dip, 25 cents; single dip, 10 cents each. Sent by mail on receipt of price. McRoberts & Stagg.

PERSONAL.

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LOCAL MATTERS.

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TO-DAY is good Friday, and Sunday is Easter.

EVAPORATED Peaches and Apples at H. C. Bright's.

ALL kinds of seed Irish potatoes and onion sets at Owseay & Son's.

IF you want the best super two-ply wool carpets go to J. W. Hayden's.

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ALL persons having claims against the estate of W. L. Moore, Jr., dec'd, are notified to pre-ent the same to me, properly verified or before April 7, '83. J. B. Paxton, Admin't.

JNO. M. PHILIPS, Common School Commissioner, informs us that he received yesterday from the Auditor, the 60 per cent due the white schools of this county on the 15th Feb.; the funds due the colored schools came several days ago.

EN ROUTE to the PEN.—Sheriff Horine, with four guards, kept four convicts in the jail here Tuesday night. Two of them, Bassett and Hensley, had 21 years each for them for murder; Lex Hix two years for stealing a couple of steers, and James Stewart four years for manslaughter.

WE OCCASIONALLY receive letters saying "if you will send your paper for \$2 for one year we can forward one to my address." Once for all we are forced to remark that so long as our published rates are \$2.50 so long shall we demand that price, and \$2.49 would not be taken. We can't make fish of one subscriber and fowl of another.

FLOWER SEEDS at W. T. Green's.

PURE home grown seed potatoes 60cts per bushel at H. C. Bright's.

CALL and see the boss—the Hartford Sewing Machine. Peter Hampton.

A LARGE and COMPLETE assortment of Garden Seeds at Bruce, Warren & Co's.

New and old varieties of Seed Irish Potatoes from Michigan, at Bruce, Warren & Co's.

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WANTED—Bell and weights of the old-fashioned stand up-in-the-corner clock. Any one having one of these clocks, out of use, should call on Thos. Richards.

BRING us your feathers, hides, tallow, wool, &c. We buy all kinds of country produce and pay the highest market price in cash or trade. H. C. Bright.

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A LITTLE girl made its appearance at Mr. C. Vanoy's this week. As it was the sixth child, it did not go to the trouble of weighing it, satisfied that it was large enough.

HELD FOR FURTHER TRIAL.—John Singleton, one of the men charged with shooting and wounding with intent to kill his woman, Sarah Stearns, an account of which appeared in our issue of Tuesday, was prosecuted at Crab Orchard on Wednesday by D. R. Carpenter, Esq., and held in \$50 bail on the charge. The woman tried hard to have the matter shut up, claiming that the shooting was accidental.

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EVAPOR

STANFORD, KY.

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SONGS OF NATURE.

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The heart of Nature's advent strong
Has never ceased to play;
The songs that stars of morning sung
Have never died away.

And prayer is made and praise is given.

By all things near and far;

The ocean looks up to heaven,

And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,

As kneels the human knee,

Their white looks bowing to the sand;

The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasures forth,

Their gifts of pearl they bring,

And all the listening hills on earth

Take up the song they sing.

The green earth rends her incuse up

From many a mountain shrine;

From folded leaf and dewy cup

She pours her sacred vine.

The mists above the morning hills

Rise with wings of prayer;

The altar curtains of the hills

Are sunset's purple shrines.

The winds with hymns of prayer are loud,

Or low with song of pain,

The thunder-organ of the cloud,

The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed,

One twilight frost gives,

Or speaks with tongue of Pentecost

From all its summit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,

It's transp'd earth and air,

The music of its starry march,

The chorus of a prayer.

So nature keeps the reverent frame

With which her years began,

And all her signs and voices shamed,

The prayerless heart of man.

MODERN DETECTIVE WORK.

To begin with, I'll say that detectives are divided into three general classes: shadows, investigators and rangers. When a man begins the business, he is put at shadowing. It is an excellent way to test him and see what stuff there is in him. If he will watch a house night after night in all sorts of weather, or a man day after day, without exciting suspicion, it is pretty safe to employ him regularly. A good shadow is an important part of a detective force. In a great many cases of crime, there is no clew to the criminal, but only a suspicion. The shadow is told to watch such a man and see what he does when he resorts; or he is told to watch a house, see who goes in and out, what the character of the inmates is, what hours they keep. Now, in order to do this, a man must have tact, intelligence, perseverance. He must not only not excite the suspicious of the suspected parties, but he must not excite the suspicions of the police. It is very awkward for a detective to give an account of himself to a policeman. While the policeman may be the most honest and faithful in the world, it endangers the case if he knows a detective is around, and mentions it casually to a brother police man. You can see that to do his work well a shadow must be a man whose appearance will not provoke a question or attract attention. You'd not make a good shadow. You're too tall. A very short man won't do. In fact a thoroughly commonplace-looking man is the very best. He should be young and active. We have had office boys who developed considerable talent for that sort of work. Sometimes, a boy can be used where a man cannot. He can hang around a house and make the acquaintances of other boys in the neighborhood, and the criminal, who may be watching from inside the house for a chance to steal out unobserved, may think the coast clear when he sees that there is no one around except two or three boys playing marbles on the sidewalk. We had a case of this kind in Baltimore at the time of the robbery of the Third National Bank there. We wanted to watch a house on Perry street, and we couldn't do it with our regular shadows. So we put a boy there. He was playing marbles when the man came out, and then gave the signal which resulted in his capture. But boys, as a rule, are not safe. They are likely to become too important in their own estimation, and they may talk. Some great criminal may be captured by means of shadows. The Northampton Bank robbers were shadowed months before the arrest of Scott and Dunlap. Billy Connors was shadowed two months, and Red Leary, before his last arrest, was shadowed nine weeks by three different detectives.

The investigator, continues Mr. Pinkerton, "is the man who after a crime has been committed, makes a preliminary investigation. He usually works with the local officers. He seldom pretends to work in secret. He looks the ground over, mingles with civilians, talks with every one, and forms his conclusions. He must be a man of greater intelligence than is necessary to make a good shadow. He reports the results of his investigations, and on this report is decided the course to be pursued. Perhaps one result of his report will be that a shadow is put on a certain man, and an effort is made in that way to reach the truth in the matter. The preliminary investigator, in short, opens the way for private investigation.

The roper, then, to speak plainly, "rope" man is. He comes next to the dime-novel detective of any in the list, but he is a great way off from that romantic hero. The roper is simply a gentlemanly person, social, of good address, able to frame excuses for anything he may do or say, and able to turn the conversation in any way he pleases. He must have traveled, must have a good knowledge of men, must be an easy talker, but a better listener."

"Is a detective's life particularly dangerous?"

"Not in the least. No more so than

yours. When a man has the law on his side, and attempts to arrest a criminal, there is not much danger. Criminals are very often cowards, especially our Eastern thieves and burglars. Occasionally a young and reckless thief will attempt to shoot, but such men are of the lower order of criminals. Burglars, counterfeiters, forgers, and the like, take chance of being arrested as one of the chances of their business. If you have the law on your side, and go at them in a proper manner, you'll win every time. There is everything in going strong enough. If a detective is foolish enough to go single-handed into a thief's resort, he's bound to have trouble, no matter who the criminal is. But in the West and South a detective takes his life in his hand. The detectives who are sent into Arkansas, Texas, Missouri, Western Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, the Indian Territory, and into the great South and West generally, run a tremendous risk. We lost five men in Missouri in eight months in looking up the James and Younger brothers. Our men were working for the Adams Express Company at the time. The men who go out after such criminals can their money every time. I can assure you."

"That suggests the question of pay."

"Well, the pay runs all the way from \$15 and \$20 a week to \$3,500 a year. The man that goes on a dangerous mission doesn't necessarily get higher wages. In fact he does not get them. He works for so much, and does what he is ordered to do. But at the same time a man is not asked to do a dangerous piece of work against his will. If he hesitates not to do. To succeed a man must go willingly. Of course the fact that a man succeeds in a dangerous piece of work is often the means of an increase of his salary. Why, it's like any other business exactly. Each man has his value. It won't do to work for a reward. Human nature is human nature, and when a man sees a big pile of money coming as the result of fixing a crime on some man—well, it's often dangerous for that man, guilty or innocent. The work should be done for so much, whatever the result."

"What is the average life of a detective?"

"Well, I don't know as to that. I think, though, they stick to the work on an average, say fifteen years. Then they get tired of traveling, and want to settle down. They get situations in banks, hotels and other institutions."

"Are female detectives much employed or depended upon?"

"It is difficult to get a respectable woman to do detective work. There are lots of them that claim to be detectives, but they must be employed with caution. They are occasionally useful to work up a case against a woman. In such cases we usually employ a female relative of some of our men—a woman who knows what detective work is, and who is respectable. But we have to be very careful always in employing women."

"Do detectives marry?"

"Sometimes. But a man with a family cannot, in the nature of the case, be as good a detective, as daring, as ready to go anywhere at a moment's notice as an unmarried man. But of course a good many of them marry."

"Are disguises much used?"

"Not nearly so often as the student of Gaborian would imagine. It's all nonsense, this talking of a man's so disguising himself by false whiskers, a wig and paint that he can pass unrecognized, but he would surely be detected. The police will pounce on a man at once if they see him wear a false beard—and it's easy enough to tell a false beard—much easier than a wig, and they are easily detected. The shadows usually carry a soft cap or hat or both, in their pockets to use in case of necessity; and sometimes in the night a beard can be used, but not often. If the criminal has dropped on a shadow the best plan is to put another man on him. As I said in the start, there's very little romance or mystery about a detective's life."

G. H. Pinkerton, in New York Sun.

DEAN SWIFT'S NEWSPAPER HOAX.

One of the cleverest hoaxes ever perpetrated was one invented by Swift and intended for the public good. He caused to be printed and circulated some "last words" of a street robber named Elliston, purporting to be written shortly before the execution, in which the condemned thief was made to say: "Now, as I am a dying man, I have done something which may be of good use to the public. I have left with an honest man—the only honest man I ever was acquainted with—the names of all my wicked brethren, the places of their abode, with a short account of the chief crimes they have committed, in many of which I have been their accomplice, and heard the rest from their own mouths. I have likewise set down the names of those we call our setters, of the wicked houses we frequent, and all of those who receive and buy our stolen goods. I have solemnly charged this honest man, the only honest man I ever was, to befriend with the names of all my wicked brethren, the places of their abode, with a short account of the chief crimes they have committed, in many of which I have been their accomplice, and heard the rest from their own mouths. I have likewise set down the names of those we call our setters, of the wicked houses we frequent, and all of those who receive and buy our stolen goods. I have solemnly charged this honest man, the only honest man I ever was, to befriend with the names of all my wicked brethren, the places of their abode, with a short account of the chief crimes they have committed, in many of which I have been their accomplice, and heard the rest from their own mouths. I have likewise set down the names of those we call our setters, of the wicked houses we frequent, and all of those who receive and buy our stolen goods. 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